

Narrative by L. Gerald Hatfield, Jr.

Dear Family,

What a day it has been already: I got up at 4:55 a.m., drove the car to Clarendon to take the subway, boarded the train at 5:50 a.m., got off at the Capitol South subway stop at 6:15 a.m. and signed in at LOC at 6:30a.m. Did some work, read and sent some e-mail messages and greetings to all of you, ate some breakfast, and did some more work.

Then a little bit after 9 a.m., Carolyn started calling (a total of five calls) concerning the World Trade Center Twin Towers being bombed and the Pentagon bombing. She wanted me home and I wanted to get home too. Since no one at work had said anything about getting out early from work because of a possible terrorist attack, I decided I was going to leave and I did so at 10 a.m. I delivered some RUSH work orders I had already made that morning (knowing good and well the orders would not be completed today) and left LOC from the front door on Independence Avenue at 10 a.m.

I traveled south going down Capitol Hill until the police made everyone on foot to walk away from the Capitol and that started a number of detours I had to deal with all the rest of the morning.

Happy to say I didn't see or hear any road rage while walking home. I decided before leaving LOC that I would not be taking the subway; no use getting trapped underground particularly if Mr. Terrorist decided to use nerve gas down there.

I saw a lot of slow moving traffic and some gridlock so I was happy to use my two good legs even though I was wearing Weejens (bad mistake). Walking past the Agricultural Department on Independence Avenue I connected with another walker, and the lady and I talked to keep our spirits up while we tried to find a route to get across the Potomac Bridge. The 14th Street Bridge was closed since that bridge is right next to the Pentagon;

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it was sad viewing all the clouds of smoke rising from the war room side of the Pentagon. The police had closed off Memorial Bridge since it is located at the beginning of the major memorial buildings and the mall. We were requested by one police to wait around the tidal basin until the unidentified plane was rerouted away from the D.C. area. We were also told to walk to Georgetown and walk across Key Bridge which would bring us into Rosslyn area of Arlington. I didn't want to wait, so the lady and I continued, and we walked under the closed Memorial Bridge. While walking I was happy and grateful to see the next closest bridge, Roosevelt Bridge was being used by cars and pedestrians and that meant we could get to VA sooner than if we had to walk all the way into Georgetown to walk across Key Bridge. The lady couldn't go much longer and told me she would need to stop walking and to rest a bit but I should continue on without her. I told her I could walk slower for her but she insisted on me going ahead without her. I hope she made it rest of the way - she had to travel probably seven more miles than I had to - she had to get to Falls Church.

The walk across Roosevelt Bridge was just fine, again no one was showing any kind of attitude. While walking through Roslyn going past a high rise development along the Potomac River, I noticed many folks had stopped walking and were waiting for something. As it turned out a woman on the tenth floor was throwing items from her balcony down to the parking lot below her. I watched and heard a couple of lamps "bite the dust" as Freddie Mercury would sing. While walking up and I do mean UP Rosslyn into the Courthouse area of Arlington, I noticed all the traffic was being rerouted and I was hoping not to have to deal with another detour. As it turned out I was able to continue my climb along the route I wanted to take while the traffic had to make a turn around to use other streets. I walked past the Courthouse office buildings and got to the Clarendon area around 12 noon.

I stopped at the Bread and Circus (a high price gourmet grocery store) and ate a few samples: seedless grapes, veggie dips, drank some cool water from their FREE water fountain and I decided to call Pretty Little Carolyn. Knowing Verizon had raised the price for using their pay phones (from \$0.35 to \$0.50) I was happy to see the store's two pay phones were from Sprint. I was pleased until the phone I tried to use ate my quarter and

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dime. Then the "good Samaritan" who had finished his phone call at the other phone, noticed my displeasure and offered me \$0.30 of his own money, then I threw in another \$0.05 and I was able to call Carolyn to say I had made it to Clarendon on foot - she was pleased. Leaving the whoopee grocery store, I walked to where I had parked my car earlier this morning and started the last part of my journey home. It was strange to see no one at all on Route 50 as I crossed it on to South Hudson Street. Guess the police had stopped the traffic for some reason since I remember while walking through Roslyn, West Route 50 was a huge parking lot.

Carolyn met me at the car when I arrived wearing a big grin on her face. Happy to talk to TV and to tell him myself I had gotten home safely. TV - thanks for calling about me earlier this a.m., and you were right it would take me about two hours to get home. Like I have already written, thank God I arrived safely, getting here at approximately 12:30 p.m. Now I just pray something can be done to stop these horrible attacks so we can get back to our regular way of life. So sorry to know all those folks died in the World Trade Center and the innocent victims in the hijacked planes. Lord have mercy on their souls. Lord have mercy on all of us.

Love, Jerry